

We Will Dance

by She Who Shall Go Nameless

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Summary: Penweed. Based on the song We Will Dance, by Steven Curtis Chapman. Songfic. The Dance was their promise. Again, '07 movie based.

We Will Dance

_This is my first __Penweed__fic__, so I hope you like it. Thank you so much for your support of Walking Her Home! Ten reviews in two days!! You guys rock so much. If only the people who read Harry Potter were that great. This song is __We__ Will Dance by Steven Curtis Chapman. It is superb, a beautiful love song. Please check it out! Also, Check out my other __fics__ (both __Trink__) Walking Her Home, and I Can Hear the Bells._

****We Will Dance****

Seaweed held Penny close, rubbing her back and whispering words of comfort. Penny didn't deserve to be treated this way. Her only crime was loving a colored man, and yet, her mother drove her away, her friends (besides Tracy) deserted her, and now she was being verbally lashed by the general public. It wasn't right.

Seaweed looked back on the months they'd shared together. He had seen rain in sunshine in equal measure, and they'd stuck together through it all. They held each other up, and it made everyone else bearable.

_I've watched the sunrise in your eyes __And I've seen the tears fall like the rain __You've seen me fight so brave and strong __You've held my hand when I'm afraid_

When he was with Penny, time stopped. They could talk for hours before running out of topics. He was never too hot or cold in her embrace; it was always just right. It was just him and her, and it was perfect.

_We've watched the seasons come and go __We'll__ see them come and go again __But in winter's chill, or summer's breeze __One thing will not be __changin__

Penny wasn't a born dancer, but it didn't matter. When they danced, it was just them. In the park, at the studio, the twist, the waltz, it didn't matter. It was just them, and they held each other close, feeling the beat of each other's hearts.

_We will dance __When__ the sun is shining __In the pouring rain __We'll spin and we'll sway __And we will dance__

When they danced, it wasn't the steps or the music that made it magical. It was the feeling that passed between them. It was the knowledge that nothing could stand between them. It was the feeling of oneness when their hearts beat in time with each other.

_When the gentle breeze __Becomes__ a hurricane __The music will play __And I'll take your hand __And hold you close to me __And we will dance__

Pouring rain, beating sun, hurricane winds wouldn't stop them from dancing. Even when they weren't communicating well, even when one or the other was angry, they still danced. And it seemed to mend all their hurts until Penny's secrets were his, and his were hers.

_Sometimes it's hard to hold you tight __Sometimes__ we feel so far apart __Sometimes we dance as one __And feel the beating of each others' hearts__

_Some days the dance is slow and sweet __Some__ days we're bouncing off the walls __No matter how this world may turn __Our love will keep us from __fallin__

Dancing was their promise. It was the promise to never let go, no matter what the rest of the world thought. It was the promise that they would be together forever, through good and bad, no matter what.

_We will dance __When__ the sun is shining __In the pouring rain __We'll spin and we'll sway __And we will dance__

Seaweed knew he could trust Penny. And he knew she trusted him completely. Sometimes they didn't have to talk, they just knew. And that was the beauty of their love. Sometimes it didn't need words. It just was, and they both knew it.

_When the gentle breeze __Becomes__ a hurricane __The music will play __And I'll take your hand __And hold you close to me __And we will dance__

Seaweed wanted to grow old with Penny. He wanted her by his side until the day she died. And he knew it would be. The dance was their promise.

_The music will play __And__ I'll hold you close __And I won't let you go __Even when our steps __Grow weak and slow __Still I'll take your hand __And hold you close to me __And we, will dance__

The Dance was their promise.

End
file.